

MAINE FARMER AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM NOYES.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

New Series. Vol. II. No. 5.

Winthrop, Maine, Saturday Morning, February 4, 1843.

Whole No. 523.

Maine Farmer and Mechanic's Advocate,

Is published every Saturday Morning, by

WILLIAM NOYES,

To whom all letters on business must be directed.

Terms.—\$2.00 per annum.—\$2.50 if payment is delayed beyond the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following rates.—

All less than a square \$1.00 for three insertions.

\$1.25 per square, for three insertions. Continued three weeks at one half of these rates.

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptance of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

Scraps from our Note Book.

Anatomical description of the foot of the Horse.—The foot, in a general acceptation, and applicable to all quadrupeds, is that part which terminates each member. Having at its extremity a bony envelope, is divided into three principal regions and serves for a support. Under this generic title the fore foot is extended from the inferior extremity of the fore arm and comprehends the knee and shin and the digital region. The hind foot commences at the inferior extremity of the leg, and is divided into the ham, the shin and digital region. But in domestic quadrupeds we designate commonly by the name of foot only that portion of the members upon which the animal stands, and which we generally call the nail or hoof. It follows from this that the foot of animals, with hoofs, is less extended and does not pass by the part encrusted with horn, whilst in those which have crooked and hooked nails and are supported by the means of a series of plantar tubercles there is much more length, is prolonged even beyond the digital region, and is distinguished by the name of paw.

According to the plan which I have formed, and which I have previously developed, I shall employ the term *foot* only in the sense in which it is applied to animals with hoofs, and I shall examine all that this part of the limbs can offer that is interesting and useful in the horse—which I shall establish as the standard of comparison.

Consideration of the character, form and division of the foot of the Horse.—The foot to the number of four, two anterior and two posterior terminate the limbs, serve for support and are distinguished into right and left. They have the same organic structure and do not differ except in regard to their form; thus the fore feet are always broader than the hind ones; their heels are also a little lower and a little more spread.

Each foot has an oval figure—truncated posteriorly—inequally flat at the bottom and presents two distinct surfaces, an anterior and an inferior.

The anterior surface more commonly the wall of the foot, is convex from side to side,—inclined obliquely from top to bottom and from the inside to the out, in fact disposed in such a manner that it is widened towards its inferior border, but always more at its anterior part than upon the sides. Generally smooth and sometimes shining, especially the hind feet; they often have longitudinal depressions or transverse circles, and are exposed to a multitude of deformities and different alterations, which have caused a distinction of many sort of feet, which will be mentioned hereafter. We consider in the wall 1, a *superior border* which is the line (?) of the union of the horn with the skin,—is inclined from each side towards the posterior part of the foot, turns around and is lost in the heel.

But, friend Holmes, as you wished the history of "J. L.'s" bottle that you "might be as wise as he was in relation to the subject," I will give you the history of mine that you may be as wise as I am as regards my *false prophet* bottle.

With new ram I filled nearly full a vial, into which I put as much camphor as would dissolve.

After standing several days it was consulted in relation to the weather. As it could not speak it made signs by becoming, as J. L.'s terms it, cloudy; and according to his interpretation of this sign, it prognosticated a storm, or cloudy weather. But, as the weather was at the time fair, and continued so for some time, and, as it had been in a cold room I thought had consulted the temperature, rather than the indications of a storm. I then placed it in a warm situation, and it very soon "cleared off" or precipitated. Hence from repeated trials of this description, I came to the conclusion that a camphor bottle is "neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet." If it is any thing more than simply a camphor bottle, it is a thermometer rather than a barometer; for the temperature of the air is denoted by it, though very imperfectly. I am aware that J. L. says the temperature did not appear to have any effect on it; but I think any one can easily himself to the contrary, by placing it first in cold and then in warm water, or first in a cold room and then in a warm one. At least thus it affects mine; but as it is an infant in the art of prophesying, perhaps it possesses not yet the true spirit, as does his which is older. Be this as it may, I hope friend J. L. will persevere, and "get the spirit of prophecy into his bottle again," and give us the result of his efforts, although I have no more faith in the prognostications of a camphor bottle, than I have in the prophecies of modern prophets.

Jan. 21, 1842.

and becomes as the first without life and without cohesion.

The frog, placed in the rear of the sole from which it is separated by two deep trenches, is an exuberant part, pyramidal, the anterior point of which is prolonged into the midst of the sole, its base bifurcated and more elevated, is continued from each side with the heels and terminates posteriorly the circumference of the bottom of the foot.

The frog possesses two branches disposed like a V and separated by a triangular trench which we call the void (or gap). It is composed of horn more or less flexible, contributed with the inferior border of the wall for a support, moderates the effects of violent percussions, hinders the animal from slipping upon wet or slippery pavement and serves especially for the touch.

Maple Sugar.

We would once more call the attention of our readers to the subject of Maple sugar. We are convinced that by a very little exertion the quantity of this delicious article manufactured in Maine, can be trebled. We are not acquainted particularly with all the *times* and *operations* necessary to be known and observed in this business; but if the sap does not run now in many parts of the State, it will not be long before it will, and those who design to do any thing at the business, should begin to prepare for active operations.

We see by the reports of the New York State Society, that a premium of \$15 was awarded to Mr. B. Gauss, of East Bloomfield, for Maple sugar manufactured by him. The report says, that he manufactures from six to eight hundred pounds a year, and tapers about three hundred trees. He boils in a sheet iron pan set upon an arch. When the sap is boiled to a syrup, it is then carried to the house, strained and settled; afterwards it is put into a kettle, boiled and cleansed with milk and the white of eggs until it will grain. It is then put into pans to drain, then put into boxes to drain. These boxes converge to a point, so that the molasses settles to the bottom.

On the surface of the sugar in the boxes, flannel cloths are placed,—constantly kept wet with cold water. When sufficiently drained with these cloths, the sugar is melted over again, cleansed again with milk and eggs, and the same process gone through with the flannel cloths. These cloths are washed every day to extract all the coloring matter from the sugar.

We hope that there will be an increased attention to the manufacture during the ensuing spring. Farmers should recollect that every pound manufactured in the State, saves within our territory the cash to the amount of the price of another pound of W. I. sugar, and in the aggregate a vast sum may thus be kept at home. This is an object worth an effort these hard times.

Bottle Prophet....False Prophet.

Mr. HOLMES:—Your correspondent, "T. L."

of Sangerville, has proclaimed to the world that camphor dissolved in alcohol or unadulterated new rum, possesses the true spirit of prophecy; or in other words, the spirit of true prophecy. As it can tell and foretell the state of the weather to a certainty. That it can make known the commencement, duration and end of a storm, and the direction from which it will come; or, in fine, that the camphor bottle is the sky and weather in miniature, being clear when the sky is clear, and cloudy when the sky is cloudy. What kind of a bottle of camphor has, that will do all this, I don't know, but suppose it must be one which is a true *Egyptian*, more so, at least, than camphor bottles generally. From his "history" of his "bottle prophet" this must be the fact, that he has a bottle, which, in prophesying, and foretelling stands a little taller than bottles in general, its knowledge and foreknowledge being above and beyond the comprehension of all other bottles.

But, friend Holmes, as you wished the history of "J. L.'s" bottle that you "might be as wise as he was in relation to the subject," I will give you the history of mine that you may be as wise as I am as regards my *false prophet* bottle.

With new ram I filled nearly full a vial, into which I put as much camphor as would dissolve.

After standing several days it was consulted in relation to the weather.

As it could not speak it made signs by becoming, as J. L.'s terms it, cloudy;

and according to his interpretation of this sign,

it prognosticated a storm, or cloudy weather.

But, as the weather was at the time fair, and continued so for some time, and, as it had been in a cold room I thought had consulted the temperature, rather than the indications of a storm. I then placed it in a warm situation, and it very soon "cleared off" or precipitated. Hence from repeated trials of this description, I came to the conclusion that a camphor bottle is "neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet." If it is any thing more than simply a camphor bottle, it is a thermometer rather than a barometer; for the temperature of the air is denoted by it, though very imperfectly. I am aware that J. L. says the temperature did not appear to have any effect on it; but I think any one can easily himself to the contrary, by placing it first in cold and then in warm water, or first in a cold room and then in a warm one. At least thus it affects mine; but as it is an infant in the art of prophesying, perhaps it possesses not yet the true spirit, as does his which is older. Be this as it may, I hope friend J. L. will persevere, and "get the spirit of prophecy into his bottle again," and give us the result of his efforts, although I have no more faith in the prognostications of a camphor bottle, than I have in the prophecies of modern prophets.

Jan. 21, 1842.

School Houses.

Mr. HOLMES:—Occasionally there has been something said on the subject of school houses, through the medium of the Farmer, but not half so much as could and ought to be said. Three quarters or more of the school houses in Maine are nothing better than a mere substitute, an apology for what ought to be. In some cases they are worse

than none at all, a real public nuisance, and should be removed as you would a house of ill-fame. Take for instance, one in this vicinity, which I have in my eye—a little pent up narrow contracted, seven by nine house, scarcely wide enough to swing a cat in—constructed of the coarsest materials, in a loose unworkman like manner, and sadly dilapidated even from its best estate. Just look into it—but I will not describe it—it is a very spoiler of the taste and morals of the children who assemble in them, to say nothing of their health and limbs. This, by no means, is a solitary instance, there are hundreds in the State no better, perhaps some worse.

In 1819, Capt. Parry in an attempt to find a Northwest passage to the Pacific Ocean by the way of Baffin Bay, penetrated as far as Melville Island in about 75° N. Latitude and 110° W. Longitude.

What adventurer has exceeded him in advances towards the North Pole, and when? What degree marks the highest point which has been reached?

What navigators have visited the Antarctic region, and when? To what degree did each penetrate?

These questions were asked me the other day, and not having data by me whereby to refer to particulars, I forward them to you, for a place in the columns of the Farmer. Will you or some of your correspondents give them a little attention, and oblige?

W.

Working Cows.

The working of cows is so little practised that there is but little correct information on the subject, but so far as experiments have been made they are highly favorable to this practice, as a matter of convenience and economy, in many situations. In reasoning upon this subject, and drawing an inference from the nature and habits of other animals, we can see no cause why cows should be an exception to the general rule—that moderate labor is conducive to health and strength.

We will direct the attention of the reader to an article on the first page of this paper on "exercise;" and if exercise be so important to man, for his health and comfort, why should it not be equally essential to the health and comfort of animals.

That it is we may infer from the nature and habits of those that are noted for their strength and exemption from disease.

Wild animals necessarily take much exercise in order to obtain a subsistence, both before and after the birth of their offspring. As to the effect of this exercise we only have to compare them with domestic animals, that are kept in idleness, to see that those in the wild state are distinguished for their superior strength, health and agility. Is not this conclusive evidence that a good share of exercise in the dam is beneficial both to herself and her young?

We have plain experiments on this subject in mares. Those that have tolerably good keeping and are worked moderately, produce better colts than those that are pampered, and have little or no exercise. We have worked mares several days in a week until within a week or two of the time of foaling, and then again immediately after, and so on through the year, and they have produced some of the best colts that we have ever known, and so far from the exercise injuring either the foal or the mare, we believe it was an advantage to both.

If we turn our attention to mankind, we shall find that the most robust races are from parents who either from pleasure or from their employments, take at least a moderate share of exercise. And in reasoning upon this subject, which is necessary in the want of experiments, and with strong prejudices against any innovation, it is proper to consider bipeds as well as quadrupeds, as their physical nature are similar as to the effects of action and idleness upon health and enjoyment.

After this theorizing and reasoning we will come to the cow herself and see if there is any reason why she should not work as well as all other animals in the wide creation. First, we will give her credit for the much that she has done in furnishing milk in abundance and excellence, in its various forms.

The cow is strong and active, generally very docile, and with proper training, may be managed without difficulty. For many days in the year she has nothing to do but eat and stand or lie and chew her cud. At such times exercise from moderate labor would be a benefit. And at most all times of the year, with gentle usage, she might do moderate labor, when the weather is favorable, without injury to herself or offspring, and without injury to the quality of her milk, and generally without any diminution in quantity. When cows are worked, as they take more exercise they require more food, and to keep up the quantity of milk, they should have better keeping.

In some few cases cows are worked in New England, and the practice seems to be a good one as a matter of economy.—Some farmers cannot conveniently keep more than one yoke of oxen, though they sometimes want two, in such cases the deficiency might be supplied by a pair of cows. Some men with small farms could do very well with one horse and one yoke of cows, and find it much more profitable than keeping a yoke of oxen, for without injury to herself or offspring, and without injury to the quality of her milk, and generally without any diminution in quantity. When cows are worked, as they take more exercise they require more food, and to keep up the quantity of milk, they should have better keeping.

In some few cases cows are worked in New England, and the practice seems to be a good one as a matter of economy.—Some farmers cannot conveniently keep more than one yoke of oxen, though they sometimes want two, in such cases the deficiency might be supplied by a pair of cows. Some men with small farms could do very well with one horse and one yoke of cows, and find it much more profitable than keeping a yoke of oxen, for without injury to herself or offspring, and without injury to the quality of her milk, and generally without any diminution in quantity. When cows are worked, as they take more exercise they require more food, and to keep up the quantity of milk, they should have better keeping.

A farmer observed to us a few years ago that he had oxen the most unprofitable stock on the farm, as it cost a great deal to keep them and he had to work for them only a part of the year; so as a matter of economy he worked his cows, first one and then two pair, and did all his work on the farm, and in the winter he used them in breaking open the roads in deep snows.—They were very gentle and tractable, were more smart and active than oxen, and in every respect answered the same purpose for labor.

In some seasons of the year, he worked them almost every day, and he did not perceive that their labor caused them to give less milk, or that the milk was inferior in quality. He kept his cows well, and treated them very kindly, and this is essential to success. Another farmer gave us an account of two cows that were generally worked as regularly as oxen from the time of calving till they were 7 years old, and they were of a large size and very handsome. They gave a good mess of milk when kept well.

An English writer says, "I think that cows are more useful than oxen, and that it would be an advantage to the kingdom if but few or no oxen were reared. The uses of cattle are to work, milk and feed. I have seen barren cows work as well as oxen; they require less feed and will fatten (fatten) as fast as cows." I followed the example of my predecessors in feeding chiefly oxen, but I soon found that cows fed much faster and on less food, and for some years past have carefully avoided having any oxen in my stalls."

We now introduce this subject to our readers as it is a suitable season to direct attention to it. Those who would work cows, should begin with heifers, even when calves, and train them up in the way they should go; this is the better way to manage the ox kind. But cows may soon be trained to work. The farmer who gave us the above information, said his cows were generally docile after a few days.—Boston Cultivator.

P.

The border of the wall which constitutes the circumference of the bottom of the foot is also the most projecting part, that as it has been before remarked serves principally for a support and the inferior borders of the wall, the sole and the frog.

The border of the wall which constitutes the circumference of the bottom of the foot is also the most projecting part, that as it has been before remarked serves principally for a support and the inferior borders of the wall, the sole and the frog.

The sole is a concave portion of the plantar surface that follows the direction of the border of the wall which it separates from the frog; it has a semi-lunar form, is continued posteriorly in the heel and is divided, according to the part to which it corresponds; into the sole of the toe, sole of the quarter, and sole of the heel.

It is composed of a scaly friable horn which is hard and consistent to a certain depth, when we take away all the dead part; but at the end of a certain time this horn, exposed for a time, is altered

and becomes as the first without life and without cohesion.

The frog, placed in the rear of the sole from which it is separated by two deep trenches, is an exuberant part, pyramidal, the anterior point of which is prolonged into the midst of the sole, its base bifurcated and more elevated, is continued from each side with the heels and terminates posteriorly the circumference of the bottom of the foot.

The frog possesses two branches disposed like a V and separated by a triangular trench which we call the void (or gap). It is composed of horn more or less flexible, contributed with the inferior border of the wall for a support, moderates the effects of violent percussions, hinders the animal from slipping upon wet or slippery pavement and serves especially for the touch.

Maple Sugar.

We would once more call the attention of our readers to the subject of Maple sugar. We are

convinced that by a very little exertion the quantity of this delicious article manufactured in Maine, can be trebled.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following rates.—

All less than a square \$1.00 for three insertions.

\$1.25 per square, for three insertions. Continued three weeks at one half of these rates.

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptance of the word.—Talleyrand.

and becomes as the first without life and without cohesion.

The frog, placed in the rear of the sole from which it is separated by two deep trenches, is an exuberant part, pyramidal, the anterior point of which is prolonged into the midst

try shall, besides a return for the exiled and depraved, be the same enlightened spot as New England, but should deprive every device to mislead or pamper the roving appetite of those ignorant of the true issue.

May those possessed of a voice and an influence to bear upon a subject of such moment be diligent, rightly to use the talents entrusted with them, by giving a word of caution in due season.

Such observations as these will not fail to elicit a hearty response from all; especially will every honest farmer acquiesce in their truth and whole-some aptness to the present times.

Will you not then strive to stay delusion, to expose error, or relieve misapprehension by administering in season and out of season the charm invigilates or the snare entangles, a salutary admonition.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.—The Far West in many sections is a beautiful country and possesses great advantages; but the emigrant to that new region must experience many privations and endure hardships. A young man may there turn his industry and economy to good account for future years; the consequence may be smiling plenty. But a man with a family should never move there till he has first gone and looked himself out a place and weighed well the disadvantage as well as advantage of taking a long and expensive journey. Many a family that had lived well in New England, have found themselves in the rich and charming West, settled down in solitude and want, suffering from numerous privations, and sickness, depressed and disengaged, and, like the Scotchman who was tired of trouble and vexation in this country, wished "to go home." We once saw a family beyond the Alleghany Mountains, from Down East, going to the West. They were farmers, and a few years before, had been offered nine thousand dollars for their property; but they were attacked with the Ohio Fever, and sold their lands cheap, paid high for horses, spent much in moving, having gone nine hundred miles, and were then poor, selling their goods to enable them to move on towards the land that flowed with milk and honey. That is but a picture of what others may be.—*Boston Cultivator.*

TOM TRICK.

(Concluded from last page.)

But there was nothing there. The place where Hannah came so often, was sad and deserted. George had a presentiment which he could not account for. He continued his way in a thoughtful mood, and followed with a careless eye the fantastic figures which the clouds painted upon the mountains. The morning, which dawned so clearly and brightly, was already overcast with a gray veil, and the distant echoes told in the ear of George the first rumble of the thunder. This sound roused him from his reverie; he redoubled his pace, and soon saw the cascade of Stone Byres; this sight re-animated his courage. He reproached himself for his vain fears, and walked cheerfully to the village. He would have gone into the room where Hannah was, when a hand touched his shoulder, and prevented his going further. George turned round. He saw an old man, who turned towards the fire, and beckoned him to follow.

It was John Care.

The old man sat down. George seated himself near him, and heard these terrible words uttered from his broken heart;

Hannah is dying!

George overcome could not speak a word. Only, with an inquiring gesture, pointed to the adjoining room.

Yes, said the old man, she is there. She sleeps.

Oh! it is dreadful, exclaimed George. But, no! 'tis impossible. She is sick, but she will recover—is it not so? The physician—

Has given her over, Mr. George. Nevertheless, come, go and see her. Ah! you have done well, I think, in coming to-day.

George followed old John Care in silence. A cold mist dimmed his eyes, and violent grief racked his head. Soon the curtains were withdrawn, and he saw Hannah.

Pain had wrinkled her temples, and turned the bright roses of her cheeks to a livid hue.

She was terribly emaciated. Her breathing was short and abrupt. At every respiration it seemed that a part of her soul fled away.

Still she was beautiful. The most skilful painter never conceived any thing more heavily, more poetic, than the pale and imminante countenance of Hannah, during this silent agony. We might see the pitiless wings of death hovering over that virgin brow, and that brow was calm and serene, and she smiled while dying.

George—George! murmured she.

At this word the old man arose, and in a low voice;

The physician has been unable to tell of what Hannah is dying? But I—I know it.

You know it? said George, sadly.

Yes, and you also—it is not so? The poor child has been killed, and by you, George, by you.

Mercy, John, mercy! cried George, and let me pray the dying angel to pardon me this crime! Oh! my remorse has been bitterly avenged!

He threw himself upon his knees, and behaved with his tears the sick one's pillow. Now he seemed to implore God, now he addressed himself to her, and sought to attract her attention. He spoke for a long time, without her seeming to hear him. But by and by, her eyes opened, and she had the appearance, while looking at him, of striving to recall his features, and of seeking that remembrance in the heart-rending evocations of a time long past. Finally she smiled: she exhibited an innocent and childlike joy, as of one who recalls an event and a name which she had forgotten, and exclaimed, seizing his hands;

Yes, it is true—it is George.

George covered his face with his hands.

Why do you weep, my friend? Is it because you love me not—is it that I love not you? Is it because we are not happy? You know not, I have been in a dream since you left—all evil. All horrible! Every one told me that you would never return, and that you were dead. Oh! you have no idea of that agony! But they were false, and you have returned. They thought, in the village, that I was sick; and have put me in bed against my will. But now I will get up; shall I not, George? and we will go and see the sunbeams sporting in the falls of the Clyde. It is with you that I will again see my torrents, my fountains, my vales! Oh! I will see all again. Help me now, George, to get up; and once in the fields, I shall feel strong and well. Then you will have no more—you will follow me, or rather, I will follow you every where, do you hear, George, except to the side of Loch-tall.

You love me, then! cried George, placing his lips on the cold hand of Hannah. Do you then, still love me?

I love you.

She uttered these words very low, in a tone which was not of this world, and which addressed itself rather to the heart than to the ear.

Then, followed a chilling, gloomy silence. Hannah during this moment of feverish excitement, but visibly lost the little strength which a long sleep had preserved to her. Her fingers pressed those of George, as by a nervous contraction, and her lips, becoming more suddenly lost that fleeting state, with which a passing flash of joy had irradiated them. The poor child gained the knowledge of happiness from the depths of terrible suffering, the bitter constraint of which would have stifled her. Her soul had found, in the tortures of a bodily malady a complete initiation into the secrets of love. Should she sink under the weight of this revelation, or should she rise again after the struggle? She had been near death, but George was there; he had felt this hand re-warming her own, his breath had fallen on her brow; was more needed to rekindle that flame which was dying, to restore that life which despair was giving to heaven?

But, the night was a troubled one. It was a continued and regular succession of favorable and unfavorable moments, of sudden startings, and of calmness without sleep. Towards morning, she raised herself up, appeared a little to recover her reason, and uttered a prayer in a loud voice. John Care who slept, heard it not; but George turned towards her. He was about to speak, when the physician entered. George awoke John Care, and both watched Sir Ellice, that anxious and restless look which seeks a favorable answer, and tears a sentence of death. Sir Ellice stood a long time before the bedside of Hannah, felt the movement of her pulse, listened to the beating of her heart, and counted the quickness of her breathing. He was about to speak, but he stopped. Each awaited his decision in silence. At last he dropped the hand of Hannah, remained a few moments absorbed in deep thought, then turning to John Care:

Be comforted, said he, she will live.

IX.

John Care had rightly divined. The return of George was the sign of convalescence of Hannah. The joy of the heart three new rays upon that pallid brow. The same balm acted at the same moment on soul and body. At the end of a month, old John Care arranged with George the day of the wedding and announced it to Hannah.

The young girl at length recovered. George accompanied her on her first walk.

Where shall we go? said George.

Let us begin, said Hannah, by a visit to those who have loved us. You have not asked me where was the tomb of your father. I will guide you thither. Come, let us pray together.

And they walked to the grave-yard. George, prostrating himself on that newly turned earth, felt that grief, once entered into the soul, forms there a deep gulf, over which she forever watches, and that the remembrance of his father henceforth would be the dreaded rock where all the visions of his peace would be broken. This thought terrified him. But when he reflected that this was only a feeble atonement for all that he had made Hannah suffer, during the sojourn of Lucy at Loch-tall, he felt less wretched, and regained hope and resignation. He wished immediately to return to John Care.

It was John Care.

The old man sat down. George seated himself near him, and heard these terrible words uttered from his broken heart;

Hannah is dying!

George overcome could not speak a word.

Only, with an inquiring gesture, pointed to the adjoining room.

Yes, said the old man, she is there. She sleeps.

Oh! it is dreadful, exclaimed George.

But, no! 'tis impossible. She is sick, but she will recover—is it not so? The physician—

Has given her over, Mr. George. Nevertheless, come, go and see her. Ah! you have done well, I think, in coming to-day.

George followed old John Care in silence. A cold mist dimmed his eyes, and violent grief racked his head. Soon the curtains were withdrawn, and he saw Hannah.

Pain had wrinkled her temples, and turned the bright roses of her cheeks to a livid hue.

She was terribly emaciated. Her breathing was short and abrupt. At every respiration it seemed that a part of her soul fled away.

Still she was beautiful. The most skilful painter never conceived any thing more heavily, more poetic, than the pale and imminante countenance of Hannah, during this silent agony. We might see the pitiless wings of death hovering over that virgin brow, and that brow was calm and serene, and she smiled while dying.

George—George! murmured she.

At this word the old man arose, and in a low voice;

The physician has been unable to tell of what Hannah is dying? But I—I know it.

You know it? said George, sadly.

Yes, and you also—it is not so? The poor child has been killed, and by you, George, by you.

Mercy, John, mercy! cried George, and let me pray the dying angel to pardon me this crime! Oh! my remorse has been bitterly avenged!

He threw himself upon his knees, and behaved with his tears the sick one's pillow. Now he seemed to implore God, now he addressed himself to her, and sought to attract her attention. He spoke for a long time, without her seeming to hear him. But by and by, her eyes opened, and she had the appearance, while looking at him, of striving to recall his features, and of seeking that remembrance in the heart-rending evocations of a time long past. Finally she smiled: she exhibited an innocent and childlike joy, as of one who recalls an event and a name which she had forgotten, and exclaimed, seizing his hands;

Yes, it is true—it is George.

George covered his face with his hands.

Why do you weep, my friend? Is it because you love me not—is it that I love not you? Is it because we are not happy? You know not, I have been in a dream since you left—all evil. All horrible! Every one told me that you would never return, and that you were dead. Oh! you have no idea of that agony! But they were false, and you have returned. They thought, in the village, that I was sick; and have put me in bed against my will. But now I will get up; shall I not, George? and we will go and see the sunbeams sporting in the falls of the Clyde. It is with you that I will again see my torrents, my fountains, my vales! Oh! I will see all again. Help me now, George, to get up; and once in the fields, I shall feel strong and well. Then you will have no more—you will follow me, or rather, I will follow you every where, do you hear, George, except to the side of Loch-tall.

You love me, then! cried George, placing his lips on the cold hand of Hannah. Do you then, still love me?

I love you.

She uttered these words very low, in a tone which was not of this world, and which addressed itself rather to the heart than to the ear.

Then, followed a chilling, gloomy silence. Hannah during this moment of feverish excitement, but visibly lost the little strength which a long sleep had preserved to her. Her fingers pressed those of George, as by a nervous contraction, and her lips, becoming more suddenly lost that fleeting state, with which a passing flash of joy had irradiated them. The poor child gained the knowledge of happiness from the depths of terrible suffering, the bitter constraint of which would have stifled her. Her soul had found, in the tortures of a bodily malady a complete initiation into the secrets of love. Should she sink under the weight of this revelation, or should she rise again after the struggle? She had been near death, but George was there; he had felt this hand re-warming her own, his breath had fallen on her brow; was more needed to rekindle that flame which was dying, to restore that life which despair was giving to heaven?

It is a great rarity to see one of these birds in our neighborhood. Their home is in the North, about Hudson's Bay, where in the neighborhood of the settlements, they are known for a piece of right cunning impudence in following the hunter, and stealing his game as he shoots it. Stories are told of their gaudy and rabbits whole, which I cannot exactly vouch for; but it is well known that an owl commonly despatches his dinner in such a hurry, as to swallow the feathers and all, of the bird he is devouring. The indigestible matter is cast up, rolled into a ball. Wherever the owl's nest is found, hundreds of those pellets are sure to be discovered.

She uttered these words very low, in a tone which was not of this world, and which addressed itself rather to the heart than to the ear.

Then, followed a chilling, gloomy silence. Hannah during this moment of feverish excitement, but visibly lost the little strength which a long sleep had preserved to her. Her fingers pressed those of George, as by a nervous contraction, and her lips, becoming more suddenly lost that fleeting state, with which a passing flash of joy had irradiated them. The poor child gained the knowledge of happiness from the depths of terrible suffering, the bitter constraint of which would have stifled her. Her soul had found, in the tortures of a bodily malady a complete initiation into the secrets of love. Should she sink under the weight of this revelation, or should she rise again after the struggle? She had been near death, but George was there; he had felt this hand re-warming her own, his breath had fallen on her brow; was more needed to rekindle that flame which was dying, to restore that life which despair was giving to heaven?

It is a great rarity to see one of these birds in our neighborhood. Their home is in the North, about Hudson's Bay, where in the neighborhood of the settlements, they are known for a piece of right cunning impudence in following the hunter, and stealing his game as he shoots it. Stories are told of their gaudy and rabbits whole, which I cannot exactly vouch for; but it is well known that an owl commonly despatches his dinner in such a hurry, as to swallow the feathers and all, of the bird he is devouring. The indigestible matter is cast up, rolled into a ball. Wherever the owl's nest is found, hundreds of those pellets are sure to be discovered.

She uttered these words very low, in a tone which was not of this world, and which addressed itself rather to the heart than to the ear.

Then, followed a chilling, gloomy silence. Hannah during this moment of feverish excitement, but visibly lost the little strength which a long sleep had preserved to her. Her fingers pressed those of George, as by a nervous contraction, and her lips, becoming more suddenly lost that fleeting state, with which a passing flash of joy had irradiated them. The poor child gained the knowledge of happiness from the depths of terrible suffering, the bitter constraint of which would have stifled her. Her soul had found, in the tortures of a bodily malady a complete initiation into the secrets of love. Should she sink under the weight of this revelation, or should she rise again after the struggle? She had been near death, but George was there; he had felt this hand re-warming her own, his breath had fallen on her brow; was more needed to rekindle that flame which was dying, to restore that life which despair was giving to heaven?

It is a great rarity to see one of these birds in our neighborhood. Their home is in the North, about Hudson's Bay, where in the neighborhood of the settlements, they are known for a piece of right cunning impudence in following the hunter, and stealing his game as he shoots it. Stories are told of their gaudy and rabbits whole, which I cannot exactly vouch for; but it is well known that an owl commonly despatches his dinner in such a hurry, as to swallow the feathers and all, of the bird he is devouring. The indigestible matter is cast up, rolled into a ball. Wherever the owl's nest is found, hundreds of those pellets are sure to be discovered.

She uttered these words very low, in a tone which was not of this world, and which addressed itself rather to the heart than to the ear.

Then, followed a chilling, gloomy silence. Hannah during this moment of feverish excitement, but visibly lost the little strength which a long sleep had preserved to her. Her fingers pressed those of George, as by a nervous contraction, and her lips, becoming more suddenly lost that fleeting state, with which a passing flash of joy had irradiated them. The poor child gained the knowledge of happiness from the depths of terrible suffering, the bitter constraint of which would have stifled her. Her soul had found, in the tortures of a bodily malady a complete initiation into the secrets of love. Should she sink under the weight of this revelation, or should she rise again after the struggle? She had been near death, but George was there; he had felt this hand re-warming her own, his breath had fallen on her brow; was more needed to rekindle that flame which was dying, to restore that life which despair was giving to heaven?

It is a great rarity to see one of these birds in our neighborhood. Their home is in the North, about Hudson's Bay, where in the neighborhood of the settlements, they are known for a piece of right cunning impudence in following the hunter, and stealing his game as he shoots it. Stories are told of their gaudy and rabbits whole, which I cannot exactly vouch for; but it is well known that an owl commonly despatches his dinner in such a hurry, as to swallow the feathers and all, of the bird he is devouring. The indigestible matter is cast up, rolled into a ball. Wherever the owl's nest is found, hundreds of those pellets are sure to be discovered.

She uttered these words very low, in a tone which was not of this world, and which addressed itself rather to the heart than to the ear.

Then, followed a chilling, gloomy silence. Hannah during this moment of feverish excitement, but visibly lost the little strength which a long sleep had preserved to her. Her fingers pressed those of George, as by a nervous contraction, and her lips, becoming more suddenly lost that fleeting state, with which a passing flash of joy had irradiated them. The poor child gained the knowledge of happiness from the depths of terrible suffering, the bitter constraint of which would have stifled her. Her soul had found, in the tortures of a bodily malady a complete initiation into the secrets of love. Should she sink under the weight of this revelation, or should she rise again after the struggle? She had been near death, but George was there; he had felt this hand re-warming her own, his breath had fallen on her brow; was more needed to rekindle that flame which was dying, to restore that life which despair was giving to heaven?

It is a great rarity to see one of these birds in our neighborhood. Their home is in the North, about Hudson's Bay, where in the neighborhood of the settlements, they are known for a piece of right cunning impudence in following the hunter, and stealing his game as he shoots it. Stories are told of their gaudy and rabbits whole, which I cannot exactly vouch for; but it is well known that an owl commonly despatches his dinner in such a hurry, as to swallow the feathers and all, of the bird he is devouring. The indigestible matter is cast up, rolled into a ball. Wherever the owl's nest is found, hundreds of those pellets are sure to be discovered.

She uttered these words very low, in a tone which was not of this world, and which addressed itself rather to the heart than to the ear.

Then, followed a chilling, gloomy silence. Hannah during this moment of feverish excitement, but visibly lost the little strength which a long sleep had preserved to her. Her fingers pressed those of George, as by a nervous contraction, and her lips, becoming more suddenly lost that fleeting state, with which a passing flash of joy had irradiated them. The poor child gained the knowledge of happiness from the depths of terrible suffering, the bitter constraint of which would have stifled her. Her soul had found, in the tortures of a bodily malady a complete initiation into the secrets of love. Should she sink under the weight of this revelation, or should she rise again after the struggle? She had been near death, but George was there; he had felt this hand re-warming her own, his breath had fallen on her brow; was more needed to rekindle that flame which was dying, to restore that life which despair was giving to heaven?

It is a great rarity to see one of these birds in our neighborhood. Their home is in the North, about Hudson's Bay, where in the neighborhood of the settlements, they are known for a piece of right cunning impudence in following the hunter, and stealing his game as he shoots it. Stories are told of their gaudy and rabbits whole, which I cannot exactly vouch for; but it is well known that an owl commonly despatches his dinner in such a hurry, as to swallow the feathers and all, of the bird he is devouring. The indigestible matter is cast up, rolled into a ball. Wherever the owl's nest is found, hundreds of those pellets are sure to be discovered.

She uttered these words very low, in a tone which was not of this world, and which addressed itself rather to the heart than to the ear.

Latest from Europe.

The Royal Mail steamship *Caledonia*, Capt. Lott, arrived at Boston on Wednesday morning last, after a passage of 20 days and 12 hours, having been retarded by head winds and heavy seas.

Caledonia brought 36 passengers from Liverpool, and several from Halifax.

The *Acadie*, Capt. Ryrie, arrived at Liverpool on the 16th ult., and the *Columbia*, Capt. Miller, on the 29th.

Although business has greatly improved, yet generally, there is a very great want of confidence arising from the continued failures connected with the corn trade.

The Liverpool Mercury states the Money market is easy and abundant; but little doing in the Corn Market. The demand for cotton had increased, and the advance on American cotton had been maintained.

Parliament is summoned to meet on the second day of Feb. Sir Robert Peel, it is expected, will introduce a voluntary and wholesome alteration of the restrictions by which trade is fettered. With characteristic caution, he has carefully abstained from divulging a hint of his purpose or his plans. The opening of the session is most anxiously awaited.

Thomas Thorney, Esq., one of the members for Wolverhampton in the House of Commons, connected for many years with the United States as a merchant at Liverpool, has recently returned from visiting the principal cities in the Union. He addressed a large meeting of his constituents on the 23d ult., relative to the state of parties in the United States. He pointed out forcibly the advantages which both countries would derive from a free trade in corn.

There can be no doubt, from the general tone of the British press, that the success of the British arms in China and Afghanistan, has tended greatly to strengthen the present conservative administration.

The distress in Paisley continues, and is daily increasing. A few days ago, it was stated that the number of unemployed hands amounted to 11,800. Government has refused to give further aid to the destitute population.

France.—The Paris Journals during the last month have been almost exclusively occupied with flippant and angry discussions on the Barcelona affair. His Majesty has constituted a privy council, composed of certain past-acting officers and functionaries, of whose privileges the feverish citizens seem little afraid.

The King and royal family have taken up their abode at the Tuilleries for the winter.

Spain.—The insurrection at Barcelona was terminated the first part of December, by the conditional surrender of the rebellious inhabitants to the Regent Espartero; and consequently the blockade had been withdrawn.

By his success in this enterprise, Espartero had risen to a high popularity with the Spanish people, which had manifested itself on many occasions in a manner very flattering to him.

Syria.—The Levant Mail brings intelligence to the middle of November. The news from Syria is alarming. The Sheik Scieble Harian has escaped from the hands of the Ottomans, where he was detained on political affairs, and gone among the Druses and Maronites. This Sheik is one of those who gave Ibrahim Pacha so much trouble. Omer Pacha is blocked up in Der-el-kamar—he has with him 4000 or 5000 regular troops. The Druses and the Maronites took possession of several convoys, in which they found much provisions, munitions of war, and other things for Omar Pacha.

Russia.—A serious misunderstanding has arisen between Russia and the Porte respecting Servia. The Porte has responded to his demand, and the Russian ambassador and the Porte are on the subject. The final answer of the letter has been transmitted to St. Petersburg, and there the matter rests for the present.

Accounts from St. Petersburg state that several Polish regiments, engaged in the war against the Circassians, passed over with their arms and baggage to the enemy, and fought against the Russians. It is said they committed dreadful havoc on the latter, and their vengeance was terrible.

Mr. Everett, the American minister in London, has been passing a few days with Sir Robert Peel, at his country house, Drayton Manor, in company with a number of distinguished, and other persons.

Miss Manners, a handsome young lady, aged 23, and possessing a fortune of five thousand pounds, recently married, and married a police-man, whom she had never seen but once before.

The celebrated bankruptcy case of Lord Huntingdon had been decided to be fraudulent; but what to do with his lordship had not been decided.

The Great Western Steamer, it is said, has been purchased by Mohamed Ali, who intends to convert her into a steam frigate.

Several Smart shocks of an earthquake had been felt in the southern part of Wales and in Cornwall.

Death has been very busy with British admirals. Admiral Sir John Longford, who served under Rodney, died on the 22d ult., in his 86th year; and Vice-Admiral Evans, vice-admiral of the red, recently died at Cork.

Sir Haworth Peel, first cousin to Sir Robert Peel, died at St. Asaph, on the 10th ult., in his 52d year. He was remarkable for nothing beyond his relationship to the Prime Minister of England.

On the 27th ult., Alexander Coke, many years Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Nova Scotia, died at his seat, Studley Prior, Oxfordshire, at the advanced age of 84 years.

The John Bull's states, positively, that there are now building, at Blackwall, five large steam frigates for the Russian Government, which are intended for the war against the Circassians.

The plague was making its ravages in Lower Egypt at the last accounts; and the mortality among the cattle, which at one time was thought to be subsiding, was again on the increase.

A captured slaver from Mozambique and Pernambuco had been brought into the Tagus. By advice of the 26th ult., it appears that the adjustment of the tariff question is daily expected.

Mr. O'Connell denies, in a published letter, that he intends to publish a *History of Ireland*. But he has in the press a portion of a *Memor of Ireland and the Irish*.

The eruption of Mount Etna on the 25th of November, and letters from Catania, of the 30th describe the volcano to be in full eruption, emitting enormous masses of lava, and showing every prospect of a flow of liquid lava, to the destruction of all around.

On Dit, that the second son of Duke Ferdinand of Coburg Kobary, the Prince Augustus, is about to marry the Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis Philippe.

The King of Hanover will visit England after the marriage of the Crown Prince. He wishes to consult Sir Henry Halford, the physician, on the state of his health.

Lord Lutus, son of the Marquis of Ely, was discharged recently from debts amounting to £15,254, independently of others of £19,000, which his father had to pay.

Sir Robert Peel has sent £100 to the family of the late Dr. Maginn, the Prince Augustus, is about to marry the Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis Philippe.

The King of Hanover will visit England after the marriage of the Crown Prince. He wishes to consult Sir Henry Halford, the physician, on the state of his health.

Lord Lutus, son of the Marquis of Ely, was discharged recently from debts amounting to £15,254, independently of others of £19,000, which his father had to pay.

Sir Robert Peel has given £150 of which is term'd the Royal Bounty to Mrs. Dwyer, sister of the late Sir S. d'ane Smith, who is in very indigent circumstances, and her son, who has been bred to the sea, has received a situation on board the *Thunderbolt*.

At Gedney, a woman with four children, and other encumbrances, walked to church with an other covered but naked, under the common but erroneous notion that her husband would thus escape responsibility for her debts.

Sir Robert and Lady Sale are to have £500, with benefit of survivorship, for services in India.

A new carriage has been invented, which throws a ball 600 yards, or a distance which it was formerly supposed a canon ball could not reach.

Turin, in Savoy, has been almost reduced to ashes. Sixty houses have been burnt down, leaving 100 families without shelter or bread. The church is also much damaged.

The ship *Scandinavian*, (Robinson, late master) which sailed from Liverpool on the 8th ult., for New York, has put back—with captain, second mate, two men, and a boy washed overboard, decks swept, loss of seals, and leaky.

A white marble statue of Madame Malibran has

just been placed in the museum in which M. de Boret had erected in the cemetery of Laken, to the memory of the celebrated contralto.

AUSTRIA AND THE UNITED STATES. There is every reason to believe that a commercial treaty will shortly be concluded between the Austrian Government and the United States.

The Somers' Mutiny.

The investigations of the Court of Inquiry, in relation to the Somers' Mutiny are closed; and at the time we write this, the decision of the court as to the propriety of further proceedings is not known. But, whether the Court of Inquiry recommends that a Court Martial shall be held, or not, such a court will be convened. It is understood, indeed, that the President of the U. States has already ordered a Court Martial, at the request of Commander Mackenzie; and that Commodore Biddle will be at the head of the court, and Richard Rush, Esq. Judge Advocate.

Further endeavours have been made in New York, for the bringing of the case before a civil tribunal. On Thursday evening of last week, the counsel for the widow of Samuel Cromwell appeared before the Hon. Samuel R. Beitz, with her affidavit, alleging that the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry had closed, and charging the murder of her husband and others to have been committed by the accused, as she believes, from admissions and statements made by the Court of Inquiry, and moved the Judge for a warrant to arrest them on the charge. Judge B. decided against the application for various reasons, but chiefly because his whole time was engrossed by other important matters, and he says, "it was, no doubt, a motive of weight with Congress, in conferring power on so many officers to take preliminary examinations on criminal charges, to leave the Judges of the United States Courts free to devote themselves to other duties exclusively allotted to them.

The concluding testimony before the Court of Inquiry was chiefly important as showing that the great number of blows struck on board the North Carolina, were a great portion of them, such as are not usually reported on board vessels of war, having been inflicted with the "cold," a small rope, which the boatswain carries in his hat. At times of muster, when inaction on the part of any sailor, to personal cleanliness appears, a few blows of this "cold" are usually given over the clothes by way of admonition. Another important allegation of Lieut. Gangevoort, and other witnesses who were recalled, was the positive contradiction of Warner's statement that his disposition before the officers was altered after he had made it and without his knowledge.

After Mr. Linn had concluded, The Senate adjourned.

In HOUSE. The resolution in reference to the Exchequer, was debated by Messrs. Pendleton, Wise, and Marshall; the discussion running, as before, into general politics, the Presidential question, &c. &c.

AN ANCIENT RELIC.—As the two sons of Messrs. Daniel Woodman and Daniel Gould, were digging for clams, on Monday, in the Back Cove, (near the channel) they discovered the rim of what they thought was a large iron jug. After digging round and tugging at it for some time, they were obliged to get some tackle before it could be taken from its bed. It proved to be a bomb shell, with the powder yet in it, which was thrown from Mowatt's fleet, on the memorable 15th of Oct. 1775.—(67 years ago)—the day when this town was burned by the British! It measures 38 inches in circumference, and weighs 150 pounds. Capt. Lemuel Moody, and Mr. Wm. Tukey, well recollect seeing it pass over the town, and sink into the waters of the Cove. It was the only one that passed over during the day. The others all fell among the devoted houses, and exploded. It seems as if there could be no doubt of the identity of this curiosity.—*Eastern Argus*.

AMONG THE NUMEROUS instances of cruelty and injustice, committed by commanders upon their crew, we see it mentioned in the New York Sun that a few years ago, the whole crew of the *Cyanne*, three hundred fresh-born citizens, were, under the very flag of their country, successfully stripped, bound, and flogged, by order of their captain!—why?

Was there a mutiny? Were the officers insulted? Had the whole crew offended against the laws? No, reader, none of them; it was the trivial offence of but one that old late and young lads were visited with the lash. The captain had found a seaman's sock in his gig and could not find out who put it there!—For this braver and more honest men than himself—men that would have poured out their blood like water in defence of their ship, and the gulf that witnessed their degradation—were flogged to death.

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE is that the Court of Inquiry have decided that Mr. Mackenzie's course does not require to be investigated by a Court Martial.

Proceedings of Congress.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21.—The Senate, did not set. The House, though in session for a few hours, was chiefly engaged upon private bills.

Mr. Barnard said, now that the Bankrupt Law was about to expire, it was proper that the insolvent laws in existence before its passage, should be revised. And accordingly the House passed, in instant, the bill reported by him a short time since for that purpose.

SUNDAY RESOLUTIONS against the tariff, some few petitions, & reports from committees were received and disposed of; after which the calendar on private bills was taken up.

After an extended debate, and an unsuccessful effort to lay it on the table, a bill was passed containing an act passed in 1837 providing remuneration for the property of individual citizens lost in the Florida war.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of the ice, but lost his horse and carriage, both of which were very valuable.

ACCIDENT.—One day this week as Mr. Joel Ward of Brunswick, was crossing the ice between the flats at that place, the ice gave way and he with his fine steel and vehicle were swept under the ice but fortunately Mr. Ward was enabled to get his head above water at another opening below, and finally regained the surface of

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOM TRICK.

Translated from the French of Mole Gentilhomme.

BY HORACE E. WEBSTER.

(Continued.)

You have done well to promise, said your father to John, when the messenger had retired, for Tom Trick is at your service; and if you like, I will take your place and relieve you from this unpleasant task. This will amuse me.

John consented, and Burk went to find Tom Trick. I know not what terrible suspicion stole into my mind, but I thought that I ought to watch him. I went up to the top of the roof of John's barn, and thrust my head out, and notwithstanding the darkness which momentarily increased, I lost not a movement of Burk. His countenance breathed forth fury and revenge, his lips muttered words of hatred and cursing. And besides, George, my eyes have not deceived me, I am sure that Burk is armed? He now is waiting for Lord Graham.

Oh! Hannah, you have well divined! it is a crime which he is meditating. How to prevent it, oh, my God!

I have thought of that, said Hannah. Come with me; I will give you a coarse plaid, which belongs to John Care; throw it over your shoulders. I will present you as a trapper; you can take your place with Burk. He will not recognize you.

This plan was executed as soon as conceived. They ran to John Care's, and from thence to meet Burk Staane.

Let this poor man ride with you, said Hannah, leading George forward; John Care recommended him to you. He lives very near Loch-fall.

Burk could not refuse. George mounted without waiting for his consent.

It was time to set out. Lord Graham and his daughter were already seated in the carriage, and in despair at their late departure. The rain descended violently, and Lucy longed to behold the large gate of the castle of Loch-fall, for at this moment ominous forebodings crossed her mind, and a mysterious voice breathed in her ear strange apprehensions.

At length they started. They passed silently through the village. Not a trace of the fete was left; every house was closed, but they could perceive here and there, through some low windows, the gayest dancers unlacing their dresses, and throwing in the corner their too soon faded bouquets.

The rain, that merciless enemy of rural pleasures, had swallowed in its torrent all the joy, all the decorations of the fete.

The carriage rolled on. The sounds of the wheels reverberating among the deep excavations of the mountains of Stone Byres, filled the soul of Lucy with new terrors. The man who came last addressed not a word to him, who held the reins, but fixed his eye constantly upon him. An attentive observer had suspected, perhaps, the meaning of his dreadful silence; he would have learned from the interrupted respiration of the one, and the immovable calmness of the other, that a great tempest was approaching, and that there was a river ready to overflow its banks and sweep all before it. There are moments at night when silence is horrible, and impossible to be endured, and when it evokes, by the aid of the imagination, frightful phantoms, which it knows not how to allay. At times, when lost in this world of hallucinations, we may dissipate the charm by speaking aloud. We must hear ourselves speak to be convinced that we are still among the living, and as soon as the voice falls upon the air, our fears are gone, because strength and reason resume their sway. It was thus with Miss Graham. The chilling silence terrified her; she had the courage the first to break it.

Where are we, my father? Do you think that we are approaching Loch-fall?

On my honor, my dear Lucy, you know as well as I. I have never seen a night so dark. The rain falls in torrents, and the wind is so strong, that I much fear that after having extinguished the bonfires of the village, it has also extinguished the stars. Not a ray of light above or below! The heaven and earth are one.

You deceive yourself, my father, said Lucy, for I see very distinctly on this side a blueish light, on the right side of the road.

Truly, replied the Earl, and as we advance towards it, this light increases. Ah! added he, after a moment's reflection, and in the tone of one who recalls to mind a forgotten remembrance, I know what it is; but, by Saint George, Lucy, I will not tell you, and you may divine it if you can. It will divert your mind. Ah, well! Can you not guess?

Not at all.

Since your wits are so dull, said Lord Graham, trouble me no more, and content yourself with contemplating this imposing spectacle, which closes finely this day's fete; it is, however, but the fulfilment of an order given by myself, this morning, to the gardener of Loch-fall. I am satisfied in seeing that it has been punctually executed.

An order—by you—my father?

Certainly, by me. But instead of questioning me, look there, look, Lucy, and tell me if this night picture does not far surpass all the views which you have here admired?

Never, indeed, had a scene more horribly beautiful dazzled the eye of Lucy. A lurid glare lit through the darkness of the boundless wild. The lightning of the forest responded to the lightning of the heavens. Two fires raged together.

My father said Lucy, with an impatient gesture, why subject my curiosity to such an useless proof! I have attempted, but I cannot discover from whence these flames proceed.

That should have been an easy task for you, replied Lord Graham; for I have on this occasion but conformed to your wishes. You have wished the pardon of Burk Staane, and I have granted it. But in sparing the tiger, I have promised myself to destroy his den, that he may no more come to prowl around Loch-fall. So, to-morrow morning, before departing for Edinburgh, I hope to see nothing more, in the place of this cursed hut, but a few ashes, and the smoke, which shall tell to Burk and his companions that expiation has passed this way!

At these last words, the man who conducted them, turned round and drew himself up to his full height, before Lord Graham. Lucy uttered a piercing cry.

You speak of expiation, exclaimed Burk in a voice of thunder. Think, then, of that which England demands of you for the plagues which you have caused her. Have you, then, forgotten that we are the saints, and you are ungodly? Heaven opens to him who rids it from an enemy, and I would gain heaven! Prepare to die.

At this moment the moon appeared from behind a cloud, and threw its rays upon the carbine which Burk pointed at Lord Graham. It was a quick, sudden, brilliant light, which sent a cold shudder through the Earl and his daughter. Death stared them in the face. But in the interval of this minute—in less than a minute—this second, they had time to despair and to hope, to die and to come to life again. The blow was indeed lost; and when Lord Graham and Lucy, mute with horror and affright, dared to open their eyes, which the instinct of danger had closed, they saw the companion of Burk holding in one hand the reins, and in the other the carbine which he had wrested from the infuriated Highlander.

Whosoever thou art, muttered Burk, whose rage had maddened him, whoever thou art, vile serpent, who art come to interpose by surprise, between the sword and his victim, thy triumph shall not be long, and I will beat my turn.

Stop, cried the Earl, we wish to alight—You shall not descend, replied the Covenanter, with an infernal expression; you shall not descend, You believe yourself saved. Behold now!!

The reins were cut by Burk Staane. The horse was free. A second time the terrible image of death re-produced itself before the eyes of the Earl and his daughter. All was ended, or rather all was to be ended. This agony might endure for an hour, perhaps longer; in a word, so long as the hand of Providence should direct the steps of the horse, left to himself to follow the windings and turnings of this dangerous road. The blinded Puritan loved rather to perish in his task, than to renounce it—all four might now address their prayers to God.

All four were nearly near death, which certainly would make no exception. At this moment of death, each indulged his dearest thoughts. It was an internal, silent concert of heart-rending arias to friends, to things, to remembrances. Lucy above all, poor Lucy, whose heart was so full of the past, and so eager for the future; Lucy, who had scarcely entered upon life, in a low voice, asked heaven what was her crime, that it had sent to her a death like this, death in a night so dark, so terrible—only dashing us against the rocks—to give our mangled bodies to the raging waves. The Earl had but one thought—one word escaped his lips: Lucy! His eyes were fastened upon her. The father would die in gazing on his daughter.

The tempest redoubled its fury; the branches violently torn from the tops of the trees, whizzed frightfully through the air like arrows. Spectres multiplied under the clear light of the moon, and the summits of the rocks reflected on the plain, portrayed a thousand fantastic shadows, which appeared as if animated. The voices of the night, usually tender and melancholy, were tumultuously blended in a hymn of despair. There were fearful sighs, groans of the breaking heart, all one concord of farewells. The sighing of the storm responded to these gloomy voices. The wind wept.

Tom Trick frightened, became unmanageable. The wheels grazed the edge of the precipice; he stopped and awaited his fate. Suddenly the unknown arose. A hundred paces from him the road turned abruptly, and without doubt, the instinct of Tom Trick became powerless.

My Lord, cried the unknown in a solemn voice, pray to God, and your daughter shall be saved!

Burk recognized the voice of George; he stopped mute with terror, and followed with his eye all his movements. George quickly seized with his left hand the carbine which he had wrested from his father, loaded it, aimed it at Tom Trick, who fell dead on the spot.

They were three feet from the abyss.

The shock was so great, that Burk was hurled afar upon the rocks. George threw himself after him imploring pardon. Burk Staane was dead.

A wild phrensy seized upon George, and gave to his grief all the wildness of a gloomy madness. He conjured his father to speak to him; and as the corpse remained mute and motionless, he dashed his head against the rocks, and called, upon himself also, death to his rescue. Lucy pitied him, and taking him by the hand,

George, said she, you must quit this country; we leave to-morrow for Edinburgh, come with us.

George, on hearing these words, thought that heaven opened before him. Lucy had never ventured so much. He turned his eyes upon the two victims stretched upon the ground, and pressing with phrensy the hand of the maiden, kissed it, saying in a sad voice, I will go—I will go.

A peasant passed at this moment; under the advice of George, Lord Graham charged him to go to Stone Byres, and carry to John Care the news of the catastrophe. The young Highlander would tarry by his father; but Lucy persuaded him to accompany them immediately to Loch-fall. Before parting, he knelt down before his father in tears, and embraced Tom Trick.

George, on hearing these words, thought that heaven opened before him. Lucy had never ventured so much. He turned his eyes upon the two victims stretched upon the ground, and pressing with phrensy the hand of the maiden, kissed it, saying in a sad voice, I will go—I will go.

A peasant passed at this moment; under the advice of George, Lord Graham charged him to go to Stone Byres, and carry to John Care the news of the catastrophe. The young Highlander would tarry by his father; but Lucy persuaded him to accompany them immediately to Loch-fall. Before parting, he knelt down before his father in tears, and embraced Tom Trick.

George, on hearing these words, thought that heaven opened before him. Lucy had never ventured so much. He turned his eyes upon the two victims stretched upon the ground, and pressing with phrensy the hand of the maiden, kissed it, saying in a sad voice, I will go—I will go.

George went to the tavern, called for a pot of ale, and asked the landlord if O'Neal would come in during the day.

He'll not stay away, replied Wilson, the landlord. O'Neal is one of my best customers. He only goes away to sleep. He has now gone to get his arms, which he will need in the morning; this makes me think that it is his intention to sleep in the alehouse; a very excellent intention, of which I heartily approve—stop he is just here.

George heard loud voices and shouts of laughter, and suddenly, a motley group burst into the tavern, the tables were immediately attacked, and the pots of beer passed from hand to hand.

The landlord bent down to the ear of George, and said to him:

Do you see that large black looking fellow, with cropped hair, and who wears the buff body belt, the black shoulder belt, and brass hilted sword of the old soldiers of Cromwell? That is O'Neal. He would rather die than have a doublet of silk and singlet knot of ribbons. In your place, I would not stay here for, frankly, your dress may excite offence.

Of a truth! replied George with a smile, which made the officious adviser groan; I shall be anxious to know what the virtuous O'Neal thinks of my dress, for his displeases me and my answer shall be ready.

Wilson thought it prudent not to pursue the conversation, and stepped aside.

I have foretold you, cried O'Neal loudly, that I will cut them down one after another, as the sickle of the reaper cut down the ears of corn. I know well that in the end I shall meet—who knows?—a raised axe, perhaps, that of the executioner of Charles; and that

then I shall have nothing to do, but to break my sword, and pray to God. But on high and exact account of my sacrifices is kept, and there I shall be rewarded. Already Wistead, Richard Holmes, Downing, and Ralph, have paid with their lives the hiddest triumph of iniquity. To-morrow will be Sir Horace Ashley's turn—that fop who perfumes his battle-gloves, and is, as is said, espoused to the niece of Montrose. On my conscience, I do not think that the nuptials of Sir Horace will be celebrated in this world.

Why not?

These two words, evidently spoken in irony, came from the farthest corner of the tavern. All the Puritans turned around.—George arose.

To whom spoke that fool? said O'Neal scornfully.

To yourself, replied George warmly, violently throwing a glove in his face. A dull groan of rage passed among the companions of O'Neal. George replied calmly: That glove is perfumed like that of Sir Horace's. See, Mr. O'Neal, an occasion to contrast the strength of the effeminate fop with that of the robust Puritans. To the work then!—You have your sword, I have mine. Let us go.

Less haste, I pray you. I am engaged. Sir Horace is first in order. It is right that he should die before you.

All delay is impossible. I quit Edinburgh this night.

This madcap probably has troubles, said O'Neal to his friends with a smile of mockery, and he seeks for one who would free him of life. I am too courteous to refuse him this little favor. At your service, sir! Here, Wilson, prepare for us a good supper.

The crowd went out in silence from the tavern of the Minstrels. They selected for the place of combat the sea shore. It was there that O'Neal had established the theatre of his exploits.

While these things were passing, Lucy, astonished at her own blindness, attempted to call to mind the minute circumstances of the conduct of George at Stone Byres. Loch-tall, and Edinburgh. This examination from her new point of view, revealed to her as by enchantment, the hidden meaning of that devotion so tender, of that self-sacrifice so unbound. The last event of the same day removed her last doubt, and explained all. She received from Stone Byres a note signed by old John Care. The poor old man, who knew Miss Graham only by reputation, was embodied to address her directly, in order to save his adopted child, the only being attached to him in this world. Hannah, said he, was dying from desire to hear from George, but she dared not write to him herself—The old man had more courage than the child. The letter ended thus:

"Since George went with your father, my safety is there. It seems to me, that if I accepted that noble sacrifice, I should be ashamed of myself, and of the principles which I value. May you be happy; Miss Lucy. The thought of your happiness will console me in my retirement. Besides, I shall not part without a token from your letter. It has revealed to me the beauty of your soul; it has raised me, even to you. I will reread it with pride. Farewell."

VII.

GEORGE STAANE TO LUCY GRAHAM.

I have asked of my love: it has told me to stay! my reason; it has not replied; Ged: He has commanded me to go. I go.

"The happiness which you offer does not blind me: you love Horace. It does not make me cruel I go to find Hannah.

"Alas! I need strength to flee at the moment when you call me. But I feel that my safety is there. It seems to me, that if I accepted that noble sacrifice, I should be ashamed of myself, and of the principles which I value. May you be happy; Miss Lucy. The thought of your happiness will console me in my retirement. Besides, I shall not part without a token from your letter. It has revealed to me the beauty of your soul; it has raised me, even to you. I will reread it with pride. Farewell."

VIII.

THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE.

George knew that Lord Graham rose early; he went to meet him before any one had arisen in the castle.

The Earl thought at first that he was prostrating some urgent business, and the troubled air of George confirmed him in this opinion.

What is the matter? he anxiously inquired.

Nothing which should alarm you, replied George I leave immediately; and I come to bid you farewell.

You leave! You George! But you do not mean so! To leave at the moment when you are about to receive the reward of your services; it is not possible!

It is indispensable, my Lord. In an hour I shall be far from Edinburgh.

In an hour! This haste must have a cause; and that cause I have a right to know. Let us see, George, have I wronged you? Has any one, incurred your displeasure?

No one—said George, warmly—no one, and least of all, you, my Lord.

Very well, said Lord Graham, seizing him affectionately by the hand; for I loved you as a son, and have always treated you as such. Since my arrival at Edinburgh, all my exertions, all my efforts, all my plans, have been for you. I have told you nothing, because I would joyfully surprise you. I must soon be called myself to the court of Charles. You know this; but what you did not know, is, that I would not go without you. That was my first condition; Lord Clarendon has granted it. And will you go when my friendship secures your future prospects?

I will depart, murmured George.

And do you refuse me all explanation?

That explanation is your due, my Lord; but it is Miss Lucy who will give it to you.

An hour after this interview, George left Edinburgh with less regret, perhaps, than he had expected. The tender frankness of Lucy had recalled him to himself; he began to read his own heart more clearly. It seemed to him, that like an exile who returns to his father's hearth, he breathed with more freedom. As he advanced, he felt the fever of ambition and of love subsiding. As the spires of the city were lost in the mist, and the tops of the mountains rose in the horizon, the image of Lucy disappeared before that of Hannah. He arrived at Lanark at nightfall; he wished to take some repose, but impatience so cruelly rent his heart that he found impossible to close his eyes. His veins swelled, his blood circulated painfully, his restlessness had all the signs of fever. At length the day appeared; he ceased to suffer. At five o'clock in the morning, he left Lanark, and soon he hailed with childlike joy the admirable road to Stone Byres—he beheld again that land, adorned with recollections, those mountains which still reechoed his prayers, and all his griefs were absorbed in the sudden realization of his new hopes. When he saw from afar the blue smoke curling above the roofs of Stone Byres, he began to slacken his pace; this pleasure was so great, that it made him wait for the other with mere resignation. The hill where he had so often met Hannah, rose about a mile, like a lofty grove, with its tall poplars, waving in the breeze, and mirroring themselves in the Clyde; and already sending to him soft and mysterious sounds, which none knew, or could know, and which he received silently into his heart. To him, na-

ger menaced us, and has incessantly interposed between us and our enemies? Who then now suffers for us without a murmur in every where, in the undulation of the plain, in the warbling of the birds; and he thought of seeing on the mountain side, Hannah seated on the grass, thoughtful and melancholy, for the first time, to the castle of Loch-tall.

(Concluded on 2d page.)

ture appeared at this dear hour, to be clothed in a splendid starry robe—every thing, to her eyes, was joy, happiness, enchantment; in the warbling of the birds; and he thought of seeing on the mountain side, Hannah seated on the grass, thoughtful and melancholy, for the first time, to the castle of Loch-tall.

(Concluded on